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Principles, not Men; but Men as the Representatives of Principles.

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THE SEVEN STAGES.

Only a baby,
Kissed and caressed,
Gently held to a mother's breast.

Only a child,
Toddling along,
Brightening now its happy home.

Only a boy,
Trudging to school,
Governed now by sterner rule.

Only a youth,
Living in dreams,
Full of promise life now seems.

Only a father,
Burdened with care,
Silver threads in dark-brown hair.

Only a graybeard,
Toddling again,
Growing old and full of pain.

Only a mound,
O'ergrown with grass,
Dreams unrealized—rest at last.

—*Anonymous.*

CAUGHT IN A QUICKSAND.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

It is now quite a number of years since two old hunters, Buck Stradling and Tom Surfile, were hunting with me in the western part of Texas, just south of the famous El Lano Estacado. We had gone interior more for sport than anything else, caring very little whether we secured more game than answered for our immediate wants or not.

Penetrating still further and further toward the Mexican dominion, we finally struck a barren, parched country, upon which we entered with some hesitation.

"This looks as though we shan't find any water," I remarked, as we reined up our horses and took a survey of the arid plain.

"Does look rather skeery," replied Stradling, taking his short black pipe from his mouth; "but I guess we'll try it. *It'll make a sort of variety to this eternal tramping.*"

"But what shall we do without water?" I asked.

"Why, you see, there is water four or five miles back of us, so we can go ahead for a day, and if we can't find anything, why we turn round and make back tracks. It'll seem rather tough, but it won't hurt us. My idea," continued the trapper, growing philosophical "is that we never know what water is till we've gone two or three days without it, just as the only way to get a good sound, refreshing sleep is to sit up a couple of nights."

So it was concluded that we should venture on this unknown Sahara; and, giving rein to our horses, we struck off on an easy gallop.

We saw nothing of buffalo nor deer, and more than once I questioned the prudence of the step, but as we were actuated somewhat by curiosity, I said nothing as we pressed forward.

We had an abundance of dried meat, which, no doubt, would last us all the time necessary. Now and then we caught an antelope, but they were very shy and kept at a distance which placed them beyond all danger of our guns.

As we were riding along, and had come to the conclusion that it would be impossible to secure any game, I was sure I discerned a pair of antlers beyond a swell in the prairie, and declared as much to my companions, but they only laughed at me and told me to give up the foolish thought.

I was certain however, that I had really seen the animal, and as there was a chance to secure something palatable for supper, I assured them that I would do so. They told me to go ahead, while they reined their animals down to a walk and pursued their way more leisurely.

I may here remark that hunters often separate for an entire day, first agreeing upon the guides by which they shall meet again, and I had no hesitation in doing the same. My horse was fresh, and snuffed the air as if anxious to stretch his limbs, so without useless hesitation, I waved them a playful good-by and started away.

I aimed directly towards the spot where I had discovered the object. I judged it to be a half mile distant, but when I reached the place it proved to be double that distance, an illusion which often misleads hunters and travelers.

A singularly formed ridge crossed the plain from east to west. A thicket of cactus grew upon its summit, and towards the thicket I directed my course.

I dismounted before ascending the hill, and cautiously leading my horse among the cactus bushes, I tied him with a slight security, for the noble beast did not need anyting more. This done, I stealthily made my way through the bushes towards the point where I was sure that I had seen the game.

What was my surprise and pleasure to see not one antelope, but half a dozen, grazing beyond. This was a surprise and pleasure in more than one sense; for while we had set this section of the country down as a barren waste, here was *prima facie* evidence of our mistake. Where there was vegetation I argued there must be water.

However, the antelopes were a thousand feet distant, upon a smooth grassy slope. There was not the slightest covering to protect an approach, and I began to debate with myself upon the course to pursue. Should I imitate the call of one of their number in distress? There was something so inhuman in that, that I revolted at the thought, and took the consolation that no true hunter would descend to such meanness.

Should I tie my red handkerchief upon my ramrod and take advantage of their curiosity? They were too shy.

Ah! an idea struck me. My eye suddenly rested upon a bluish line running across the prairie beyond where the animals were feeding. It was either a buffalo road or the channel of an arroyo; but whichever it was, it was the very cover I wanted, and I determined to take immediate advantage of it.

Retreating as steadily from the thicket as I had entered it, I hurried along the side of the slope toward a point where I had observed that the ridge was depressed to the level of the plain. Reaching this, to my still greater surprise, I found myself on the banks of a broad arroyo, whose waters slowly meandered over a bed of sand and gypsum.

The banks were two or three feet above the surface of the stream, except where the ridge came down upon the stream. Here there was quite a high bluff and hurrying around its base, I stepped into the channel and commenced wading upward.

This was quite a difficult feat, as the bed of the creek was soft and yielding, and I was obliged to tread very cautiously and slowly, lest I should alarm the game. The antelope is one of the most timid of animals, and has a wonderfully acute sense of hearing—so much so, that none but the most experienced hunters can approach them.

After creeping along in this wearisome manner for several hundred yards, I reached a small clump of wormwood bushes growing out of the bank. Thinking this might be high enough to answer for cover, I concluded to take advantage of it.

I slowly raised myself up and peered through the leaves. I had just reached the right place, and sighting at the heart of a buck, I pulled the trigger. The brute sprang up and dropped dead. I was on the point of running forward to claim the prize when I saw the doe run up to its fallen mate, and snuff at it as if bewildered at the occurrence. Suddenly she seemed to comprehend the sad truth, and throwing back her head, began uttering the most plaintive and piteous cries, while she occasionally ran round the body as if totally unable to control her grief.

At first it was not my intention to kill the doe, and had I dreamed of witnessing such a painful scene, I should not have done so. How often do we hunters, in the excitement of the chase, commit deeds which in our calmer moments we can see as heartless and cruel. But the deed was done past recall, and wherefore regret?

As I watched the mournful actions of the doe, and heard its piteous cries, I saw that it would be a mercy to kill it and end its misery. Actuated by what perhaps was a questionable humanity, I took careful aim, pulled the trigger, and, as the smoke cleared away, I discerned the doe lying dead with its head resting upon its departed mate.

"Both are out of distress, was my comforting reflection, "and I have secured a rare supper, with which I will tickle the palates of my two friends, and convince them that they are not the only ones who have a knowledge of hunting—but what is the meanig of this?"

I attempted to move, and found both feet fast. My first thought was that I had been stricken with paralysis, and a chill ran over me from head to foot. But no; I could feel the blood coursing to the remotest part of my system, and I tugged like a giant. I tried to step, twisted to the right and left, wrenched my body but all in vain. I was fast!

Suddenly the truth flashed upon me—I was sinking in a quicksand.

With this knowledge came a fierce resolve not to succumb. I would wrench off my feet before I would consent to die in this inglorious and dreadful manner. Summoning all the strength of which I was master, I tugged and pulled and twisted with the fury of madness, and then paused exhausted, and found that the only result was that I had sunk several inches deeper in the quicksand!

The soft, clinging sand was already at the top of my boots, and had so wedged them around my ankles that it was impossible to pull them off; all the time I could feel myself sinking slowly and surely, as though some monster, deep in the bowels of the earth, had grasped me by the feet and was gradually drawing me under.

Almost beside myself with terror, I shouted for help, and then I laughed at the idea of my voice reaching anyone. The only living creature within hearing was my horse, and he answered me with a neigh, as if sympathizing with me in my despair.

And now I tried to think coolly upon my position. Was there really no possible way of extricating myself? Stay! Suppose I should lay my rifle horizontally across the sand, would it not prevent my sinking? Perhaps so, at least, I could try it.

I looked around for my gun, but nothing of it was to be seen. That, too, alas! had sunk beneath the surface. Could I not dig my way out? No; the sand streamed into the hollow as fast as I tore it out with my frenzied fingers.

Could I not lie flat on my back, and thus stay my downward progress? The thought was dismissed the moment it came to me. The water was eighteen inches deep, and I should drown at once.

Oh, heavens! dying by this slow torturing process. The thought drove me mad for the time.

After a while I became more cool again. If I must die I must; and I roused myself to meet it manfully. I stood erect, and found that my head had sunk to the prairie level, and I could just see the victims of my heartlessness. My heart reproached me at the sight. Was not this a just retribution for the misery I had inflicted? What right had I to shoot those two poor innocent creatures, who had never harmed me? Was it not the final judgment of justice that I should be made to feel and suffer the same pangs that I had inflicted upon them?

Such, and similar, were the thoughts that coursed through my seething brain. I raised my eyes to heaven, and almost expected to see a frown of divine anger at the part I had taken. But no; the sun was shining as bright and the sky was as cerulean and mild as ever. No; whatever transgressions I had committed, I knew there was nothing but forgiveness and love bending over me, and I prayed as only sinful man can pray when encompassed by certain death.

But all this time I was sinking—sinking slowly, but surely, and the moment could not be far distant when I should be swallowed up and disappear from view entirely, and those who should come to search for me could only surmise my fate.

I had taken my last fond look at the green, fair earth. I could only see the blue, clayey wall which held the stream, and the water which ran unheedingly by me. Again I looked up at the blue sky, and then endeavored calmly to resign myself to my fate.

But I could not; the memories of the fair earth and my past pleasures and friends came so vividly over me that I found myself continually bursting in a struggling spasms to escape, but all equally fruitless as were my first feeble attempts to walk.

In the midst of this racking suspense I was startled by the shrill neighing of my horse. At first this gave me indescribable distress, as I could not avoid contrasting his free situation with my own. But suddenly a bright thought flashed over me. Could not my horse rescue me?

He was tied to a frail cactus limb, which he could easily break if he chose. Without losing any time—for time was never so precious—I uttered a call which I had often used to bring him to me, then listened with an anxiety it is useless for me to attempt to depict. Suddenly I heard the sound of his hoofs, as though he was struggling to free himself, and the next moment I recognized a well-known tramp, and knew that he was approaching. Then he suddenly appeared on the bank, and looked down at me, uttering a joyful neigh of recognition.

Peculiar attachment exists between the hunter and his horse, it was a habit of his whenever I called to him to gallop up to me and press his nose against my cheek. Reaching out my hand toward him, in my usual caressing manner, I repeated the call.

The next moment he bounded into the channel, and I caught him by the bridle. Time was becoming precious, I was already down to my waist in the water. I seized the lariat, and passing it under the saddlegirths, secured it in a firm knot. I then made a loop and passed it around my body.

Heaven bless the noble horse! The tears well up to my eyes when I reflect upon the grand creature to whom a few years ago I gave an honorable grave in the broad prairie. All the time I believe he comprehended my sore strait, and understood perfectly well what was required of him. He knew, too, the treacherous nature of the ground he stood upon, for while waiting he continued lifting his feet and slightly changing his position to prevent his sinking.

Finally, I had all my arrangements completed, and gave the word to the horse to move. The intelligent animal stepped off very slowly, pulling gradually, but with all his tremendous strength.

To my inexpressible joy, I felt my body raising, and in less than a minute I was pulled clean out of the sand upon the hard clayey bank.

Thank heaven! and my true, tried, and noble horse!

I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him, and shouted for joy. And had I not a right to do so? And did I do more than my duty when I refused all offers to part with him, and kept him with all the care and kindness that I would have nursed a feeble parent?

Why Grant was not Assassinated.

"The darkest day of my life," said the General, "was the day I heard of Lincoln's assassination. I did not know what it meant. Here was the rebellion put down in the field and starting up in the gutters; we had found it as war, now we had to fight it as assassination. Lincoln was killed on the evening of the 14th of April. I was busy sending out orders to stop recruiting, the purchase of supplies, and to muster out the army. Lincoln had promised to go to the theatre, and wanted me to go with him. While I was with the president, a note came from Mrs. Grant saying she must leave Washington that night. She wanted to go to Burlington to see her children. Some incident of a trifling nature had made her resolve to leave that evening. I was glad to have it so, as I did not want to go to the theatre. So I made my excuse to Lincoln, and at the proper hour we started for the train. As we were driving along Pennsylvania avenue, a horseman drove past us on a gallop, and back again around our carriage, looking into it. Mrs. Grant said, "There is the man who sat near us at lunch to-day, with some other men, and tried to over hear our conversation. He was so rude that we left the dinning-room. Here he is now riding after us." I thought it was only curiosity, but learned afterward that the horseman was Booth. It seemed I was to have been attacked, and Mrs. Grant's sudden resolve to leave deranged the plan. A few days after I received an annoymous letter from a man saying that he had been detailed to kill me, that he rode on my train as far as Havre de Grace, and as my car was locked he failed to get in. He thanked God he had failed. I remembered the conductor locked our car, but how true the letter was, I can not say. I learned of the assassination as I was passing through Philadelphia. I turned around, took a special train, and came on to Washington. It was the gloomiest day of my life."

A Problem.

How unmarried women who desire to earn their living are to do so by the exercise of their intellectual faculties, is one of the great problems of the day, and by far too extensive a subject to discuss at present. Our aim has been to point out that in controversies on the question the medical aspect is lost sight of frequently, and it is forgotten that, in the competition for life, woman is the weaker vessel, and liable to be broken when too roughly handled. Sage philosophers may speculate what ages may effect by evolution, but, taking woman as we find her, we believe her welfare is to be consulted, not by encouraging her to take an independent position in life, and by fostering a contempt for marriage, which is now the professed tendency of the strong minded young lady, but by educating her in such a judicious and sensible manner as will make her a good wife, mother, and useful member of society, which unfortunately is not the inclination of the present age. If this were more systematically carried out, there would be fewer single women under the necessity of working for their own living; the outcry in behalf of these unappropriated blessings would be modified, and on entering the marriage state, which is the happiest as well as the healthiest condition, they would place themselves in the position that is intended by nature they should occupy.

Thoughts on Suicide.

We have often wondered at, and deplored, that most outrageous and atrocious of crimes—suicide. To think how a man can voluntary take away his own life, and hurl himself into the presence of his Creator and Judge, baffles all description. Yet, notwithstanding the fact that this crime is directly opposed to the law of God—for no man is master of his own life—we learn from authentic sources that it is sadly on the increase. There is scarcely a paper that we take up that does not give a case of suicide as having taken place either in our own country or in Europe. It is remarkable, too, that in those places and countries where infidelity has gained the greatest sway—obtained a footing, as we may say—it is there that cases of suicide are more frequent, and that this most daring outrage against God and man annually reaches an enormous figure. It has been reported on official authority at Copenhagen that during the past thirty years no less than 10,111 suicides have taken place out of a population of about 2,000,000 souls. This is surely a sad state of affairs; and it is all the more revolting when we consider the various means employed for the perpetration of this awful deed. Some will have recourse to drowning, others to blowing out their brains by fire-arms, others again to hanging themselves, and still others to putting their own throats with some sharp-edged instrument.

But we may ask ourselves the question, is there no way of remedying this evil? Cannot men be made to learn that they have no dominion over their own lives; that in laying violent hands on themselves they act contrary to every principle both human and divine, and concur directly in the eternal ruin of their souls? It is true that the question is more easily put than answered. Yet, we do not hesitate to say that there are many ways of remedying the evil, and not the least among the many, is the careful religious training of our youth.

Faith and hope must be dead in him who interferes with his own life. Charity and every Christian virtue must have abandonded his soul, and left him a prey to the thousand and one temptations that beset him at every moment. He really understands nothing of what life is, of its Author, or of the care which an All-wise God expects him to bestow on his soul, which is of infinite value. Hence, the consequence—the terrible accounts which every day meet our eye.

But while religious education is neglected—while youth are brought up without being taught what they are, who God is, what they must do in order to do right, etc., we may expect no better result. Religious education is the foundation of civil society, the hope of a nation's progress, advancement and well-being, and consequently should not be neglected.

Tobacco.

The celebrated Dr. John King says: "Tobacco is a powerful narcotic poison, its direct action upon the body being to enfeeble the system, thereby destroying the tone of the stomach, and retarding or deranging the digestive function, to say nothing of the immense drain of the saliva, and which drain is continually kept up by the use of this filthy and noxious weed. Its use hastens the manifestation of the symptons of those diseases to which the person is disposed, and most decidedly when those most important organs, the lungs, are weak, and liable to attacks of a consumptive nature." It is beyond my comprehension why so vast a number of civilized and educated men and women should resort to the use of an article so positively injurious, uncleanly, offensive, and which has not one redeeming quality in its favor. Young man, you, whose system is yet uninjured by this plague of civilization, reflect well before you make the attempt to use tobacco in any form—before you enslave yourself to a master whose exactions and oppresions know no bounds. You may become a man without the use of tobacco. Aye, a much better man without it. Above all other articles in common use, tobacco is one that slowly but surely impairs the whole nervous system: the taste becomes perverted, so that simple diet becomes insipid and unpalatable. The tobacco consumer is obliged to resort to stronger fluids for a beverage, and to highly-seasoned and stimulating food to satisfy the benumbed taste which this poison has produced. Never will temperence become the universal rule, until tobacco ceases to be an article of daily consumption. Yet some of the most strenuous advocates for the suppression of the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage are perfect inebriates with regard to tobacco. Parents, guardians, ministers, friends, and all who feel an interest in the health, happiness and morals of the rising generation I beseech you to take the advice of one whose long experience and extensive researches have fully convinced him that this scourge of the human family is yearly creating disease and dragging thousands to an untimely grave; and employ all your influence, accompanied by *example*, to prevent those who are to watch over you, and who are to become your legislators, when your locks have become silvered by time, from becoming the slaves of this foul, unnatural, relentless tyrant—tobacco." Although men know that tobacco is injurious, and that if they use it undoubtedly their boys will use it also, yet they fail to exercise enough "will power" to enable them to quit it; but say "I can't."

AN OLD GUN.—An historical gun is owned by Fernando Healy, of Rehoboth, Mass. His great grandfather brought it to this country in 1680, and used it in the French wars. His son Joseph put a new stock on the piece in 1761, inserting a silver plate bearing the initials "J. H., 1761." Joseph's son John used it during the Revolution. It afterward came into the possession of another son, the late Stafford Healy, of Rehoboth, father of the present owner. He used it 14 days during the war of 1812, receiving therefor a pension. In 1820 he re-stocked the gun and put in a new lock, and at his death it came into the hands of the present owner. The barrel is original, is in good order, and the gun is still used by members of the family as a fowling-piece.

Fighting with an Octopus.

The occupation of a diver is one that offers but little attraction to those who by temperament have no fancy for exploring the "mysteries of the deep." It is, however, not so monotonous an employment as might be imagined, and divers occasionally meet with exciting adventures while engaged in their labors. One of these the other day fell to the lot of a government diver in Victoria, Mr. Smale, while at work on the bed of the Moyne River, at Belfast, in that colony, and from the account he gives of it in The Melbourne *Argus*, it must have been more exciting than pleasant. Having thrust his arm into a hole, he found that it was held by something; "the action of the water was stirring up the clay, and therefore I could not see distinctly for a few minutes; but when it did clear away I saw to my horror the arm of a large octopus entangled around mine like a boa-constrictor; just then he fixed some of the suckers on the back of my hand, and the pain was intense. I felt as if my hand was being pulled to pieces, and the more I tried to take it away the greater the pain became; and from past experience I knew this method would be useless; but what was I to do lying in this position. I had the greatest difficulty in keeping my feet down, as the air rushed along the interior of my dress and inflated it; and if my feet had got uppermost I should have become insible, held in such a position; and also, if I had given the signal to be pulled up, the brute would have held on, and the chances would have been that I should have had a broken arm. I had a hammer by me, but could not reach down to use it on the brute. There was a small iron bar about five or six feet from me, and with my foot I dragged this along until I could reach it with my left hand. And now the fight commenced; the more I struck him the tighter he squeezed, until my arm got quite benumbed; after awhile I found the grip began to relax a little, but he held on until I had almost cut him to pieces, and then he relaxed his hold from the rock and I pulled him up. I was completely exhausted, having been in that position over twenty minutes. I brought the animal up, or rather part of it. We laid him out, and he measured over eight feet across, and I feel perfectly convinced that this fellow could held down five or six men."

Walking Sticks.

A walking stick has always been considered a useful and graceful present, likely to be of pleasant service, and long possessed. Some are inclined to think that the pilgrim's staff, the Bishop's crozier, and drum-major's gorgeous mace and the usher's wand have a common origin with the walking stick; at least, we know the change of habit, and that most unaccountable change of fashion, has in our time worked some curious results; the various materials called into use are alone sufficient to cause surprise. Walking sticks have been made of tortoise shell, the back-bone or vertebræ of the shark, the tusks of the rhinoceros, and wood of every conceivable variety and lately one was exhibited made entirely of champagne corks, with a stout wire passed through them. The handles have many more sources to boast, as there are many materials not large enough to make whole sticks, such for instance as the teeth of the giraffe, the walrus, the elephant; and, in fact, most large teeth, and all horns are useful for the purpose. It is a remarkable fact that women are seldom employed in stick making, and boys but little, their being so much knowledge and skill required for the various processes that men are chiefly employed. It is also singular that steam power is not in use to any large extent; machinery has the power of turning out large quantities of goods all alike, but cannot vary them. There must not be two alike, and if nature is humored, as it is by skilled workmen, there cannot be: it will readily be seen that a fixed method cannot be applied to all, as each stick must receive treatment peculiar to itself.

Unmarried Women.

One of the greatest social problems of the day is to explain why there are so many marriageable women who never get married. Some say that it is owing to an excess in numbers of women over men, in consequence of which there are not husbands enough to go round. This, however, is disproved by statistics. Take the world through, and figures show that there are as many men in it as there are women. Others attribute it to the expensiveness of modern life. Men do not marry because it is said they cannot afford to. But the fact is, that no man who truly loved a woman ever hesitated to become engaged to her and eventually marry her because of poverty. There are cold-blooded men, with no idea of any feeling for a woman stronger than languid admiration, who may be deterred from assuming what they regard as a burden in the shape of a wife, unless assured of a liberal income, but most are not so calculating. Others, again, attribute the evil to women's fastidiousness. They expect too much in a husband, and, while waiting for an impossible shadow, let the possible substance slip through their fingers. This is a libel on the sex. As a rule they are no more fastidious than men are, and are just as susceptible as men to that enchantment of love which invests its object with every perfection and covers up every fault. So far as men and women are concerned, they are as prone to marriage now as in any period of the world's history. Nevertheless, there are the women waiting for husbands and not getting them. They are pretty, they are accomplished, they are sensible, and, under proper training, they would make excellent wives and mothers, but they never get a chance. What seems to be needed is a more thorough method of bringing men and women into social contact with each other.

A lecturer was explaining to a little girl how a lobster cast his shell when he had outgrown it. Said he: "What do you do when you have outgrown your dresses? You cast them aside, do you not?" "Oh, no," replied the little one, "we let out the tucks."

Old Theatres.

PLAY HOUSES OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.—THEIR RUDE CONSTRUCTION.

Theatres of the seventeeth century, and even of the eighteenth, were of the rudest construction, being usually formed out of disused tennis courts. Their shape was oblong. Benches, one above another, were fixed against the side walls for the more aristocratic spectators. The inconvenience of these seats, both for sight and sound, led to the elite of the audience being accommodated with chairs upon the stage. The centre of the floor was the parterre, and was without seats. A ring of tallow candles, formed into a kind of rude chandelier, such as a few years ago might have been seen in a village circus, suspended over the centre of the stage, was the sole illumination. The stage was erected in an alcove at one end. Three or four wooden frames on each side formed the "wings" or entrances, a painted curtain in the background the scenery, and some bands of blue paper flung from the ceiling represented sky and roof. The change of scenes were effected by movable curtains or rolling cloths. The play began at two o'clock and terminated at half-past four. The price of admission to the parterre was four sous. The great success of "Les Precieuses Ridicules" induced Moliere to raise it to ten sous, but at the end of the run it had receded to five. By 1667, however, the price had risen to fifteen sous. The audience, both great and humble were as rude as the accomodation. Here is a picture of the parterre drawn by an eye-witness—"The parterre is very inconvenient on account of the press; there are to be found there a thousand knaves, mingled with the honest people whom they sometimes wish to affront. They made quarrels out of nothing, draw their swords and interrupt the play. At their quietest they do not cease talking, crying and hissing; and because they have paid nothing for their entrance, and that they have come there only for lack of another occupation, they care little to hear what the actors and actresses say. The behavior of the aristocratic portion was little better.

In an Australian Forest.

Morning and evening the Australian forest is awake; at noon it is asleep. No greater contrast can be imagined than between the morning hours and those at mid-day. In the former, the very flowers seem to possess an active existence. Myriads of such, larger and more brilliant than those under English skies, load the air with the sweetest scents. Magnificent fern trees wave their fronds or branches in the light breeze. On old stumps of trees great green and yellow lizards lie watching for their prey. The magpie throws her voice from the wattles, and possibly the lyre bird in the denser scrub; and in the tall gum trees numberless parokeets, parrots, rosellas, cockatoos, butcher-birds, love-birds, etc., screaming and darting to and fro. But by-and-by the intense heat will silence all these, and nothing will be heard but the chirp of the grasshopper and the shrill sound of some unseen insect. At twilight again there is a revival of life, but not of so cheerful a description. The cicades shriek by myriads their deafening "p-r-r-r-r-r;" drowsy opossums snarl in the gum boles, and flocks of cockatoos scream as some great gay kangaroo bounds past them like a belated ghost. If there is marshy ground near, the deep boom of the bittern, the wail of the curlew, and the harsh cry of the crane, mingling possibly with those of a passing or returning flock of black swans, will add to the concert. In a moment of silence one may be startled by the mocking laughter of the jackass, or the melancholy "mo-poke" of the bird of that name. The dead of night is not so still as the universal hush of the burning noon.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Poison Ivy.

The poison ivy and the innocuous kind differ in one particular which is too easy of remembrance to be overlooked by any one who is interested enough in the brilliant-hued leaves of autumn to care for gathering them; the leaves of the former grow in clusters of three and those of the latter in fives. As somebody has suggested in a juvenile story book, every child should be taught to associate the five leaves in a cluster with the fingers on the human hand, and given to understand that when these numbers agree they can be brought into contact with perfect safety. It may spare our readers no little suffering to bear this point in mind during their October rambles in the fields.

Useful Paragraphs.

Clean oil cloth with milk and water.

A little ginger put into sausage meat improves the flavor.

In icing cakes, dip the knife frequently into cold water.

A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell.

A brush and soap will ruin them.

Tumblers that have had milk in them should never be put into hot water.

If your coal fire is low, throw on a tablespoonful of salt, and it will help it very much.

A spoonful of stewed potatoes in the gravy of either roasted or fried meat is an improvement.

In boiling meat for soup, use cold water to extract the juices. If the meat is wanted for itself alone, plunge into boiling water at once.

You can get a bottle or barrel of oil off any carpet or woolen stuff by applying buckwheat plentifully and faithfully. Never put water to such a grease spot, or liquid of any kind.

Broil steak without salting. Salt draws the juices in cooking; it is desirable to keep these in if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turning frequently, searing on both sides. Place on a platter, salt and pepper to taste.

The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply to the part affected. It will draw off the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours.

The People's Advocate

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Prof. Gardiner's conclusions as to the future ascendency of the blacks is based almost exclusively upon the theory of their numerical increase at the rate of the last decade, and upon the power resulting from the political control which would follow, provided there was no restriction upon the exercise of the franchise. Even this theory has its weak points. There is no more certain fact in the history of the growth of communities than that the elevation of the plane of living imposes a check upon the growth of population. As the artificial wants of society increase and are gratified, there is less of physical stamina. With the diffusion of knowledge and the extension of educational facilities, the Negro will not reproduce as largely as now. Instead of doubling his population once every twenty years, in the section referred to, he will do so at longer intervals.

In the second place, even should the Negro increase at the rate indicated by Prof. Gardiner and there be no lawless restriction upon the exercise of the franchise, the results predicted by him would only follow if the Negro had the ascendency in wealth and in education, not in one, but in both of these essentials. To-day the Negro is not only sadly deficient, compared with the whites, in these respects, but the tendencies do not show that he is making as rapid strides as we would desire. The south is largely increasing its cotton factories which are realizing larger dividends than those of New England. The Negro is not only not doing anything in the way of helping to establish these factories, he is not even employed as an operator. The power which these new corporations and the railroad interests will be able to control, added to the commercial interests developed by such seaports as Norfolk, Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah, Mobile and New Orleans, all of which are in the black belt, not in the up country, will prove sufficient to check any exclusive aggressive, political control attempted on the color-line. Let Prof. Gardiner consider the other elements of national power and he will see less cause for believing that the Negro will absorb the Indu-European in the south. If amalgamation is going on to-day in the south we see no reason why it will not continue. Increased intelligence and a wider scope of operations will be accompanied by higher cerebral development and hybridization, as it is termed, will not produce the appalling results in the deterioration of the races as predicted. It is just as well that Prof. Gardiner should reconstruct his theories and bring them more into accord with anthropological science as taught by Quatrefages and Peschel.

THAT "SUN" CORRESPONDENT.

"The two colored newspapers here have criticised the article severely, and brand it boldly as a tissue of falsehoods, from beginning to end. While this may be true in the main, the following opening paragraph is substantially correct: 'There are 65,000 colored people in Washington. In no city in the United States, not even New Orleans, is there a larger colored population.'"—*Washington Correspondence of the Afro-American.*

Mr. Anderson should have been more careful than to express himself as above. He is certainly at fault with regard to The Advocate, as he will find by referring to our brief notice of this article. He is equally at fault in pronouncing as substantially correct the opening paragraph of the *Sun* article.

There were in 1880, according to the census, 59,596 colored people in this *district*, the increase in the last decade being 37½ per cent. Now, if this rate has continued, the colored population of the entire district would now be 67,000. But the *Sun* article is dealing only with our city population, that of the cities of Washington and Georgetown, now one municipality. This population was, in 1880, 3,758 for the city of Georgetown and 48,377 for the city of Washington, total 52,135. In 1870, in the same places, the same class of population was 38,726, showing that in that decade there was an increase of 13,409, or thirty-four and seven-tenths per cent. If this increase has kept up, there would be to day a city colored population here of only 58,000 souls—seven thousand less than that assumed by the *Sun* correspondent.

Is this population the largest city population of colored people? A slight comparison will show that this is not true. In 1870 there were 39,558 colored people in the city of Baltimore; in 1880 there were 53,716, an increase of 14,158, or nearly thirty-six per cent. At this rate there would be 60,160 colored people in Baltimore to-day; two thousand more than in the city of Washington.

Let us take the city of New Orleans. In 1870 there were there 50,456 colored people, as reported by the census, and 57,617 in 1880, an increase of only fourteen per cent., at which rate there would be to-day a colored population of 60,440, nearly two thousand and five hundred more than here. So it is clear that the correspondent of the *Sun* has drawn on his imagination as much in the matter of population as he has in the matter of society.

George T. Downing, Esq., occupied a post of honor as an orator at the Jackson Democrat banquet in the city of Boston. Let us see: Mr. Downing is president of the Sumner Independent Club. This club banqueted Mr. Fortune less than a month ago, at which the latter gentleman, in response to a toast, pronounced its principles to be his. Does he also indorse its *policy* as voiced by Mr. Downing at the Jackson Democratic banquet? Come, now, brother Fortune, no evasion, no subterfuge. Must we fight for these reforms, say in the presidential struggle of the present year, *within* or *without* the republican party? This is a plain issue, and we would be pleased to have a frank, manly answer. "Under which king, Bezonian, speak or die."

Unwittingly we have offended the genius of the *Afro-American* who dwelleth in the Paris of America, by crediting to the Cleveland *Gazette* items (what they are we do not know) "prepared"—from other papers without credit?—for the *Afro-American*. It says they have never found anything in The Advocate worthy of their shears. Ish dot so? Then some evil spirit it was that made an editorial in The Advocate of December 29th the basis of the largest editorial note in the *Afro* of the 5th inst.

We have secured the services of a correspondent at Annapolis, Md., whereby many of our patrons in different sections of the country will be enabled to keep posted as to what is going on in Maryland's famed capital. Mr. A. P. B. Garver is the gentleman secured. We trust the step will be substantially approved.

Mr. W. C. Smith, of the Charlotte (N. C.) *Messenger*, dropped in upon us this week. He comes North in the interest of his paper which we miss very much. Mr. Smith is an experienced printer-journalist, and he deserves to be liberally supported.

☞We beg our readers to read our list of papers and magazines with which we have low clubbing rates. If you do not see in it the periodical you desire to subscribe for, send us the name and we will let you know our rates for that.

—So Insidious are the First Approaches of Consumption, that thousands remain unconscious of its presence until it has brought them to the verge of the grave. An immediate resort to Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, upon the first appearance of Cough, Pain or Soreness of the Throat or Chest, would very generally preclude a fatal result, or, in case the symptoms indicate the presence of Latent Consumption, would tend to subdue the violence of the disease, and thus materially assist in prolonging the life of the patient. Use the Expectorant, therefore, when you take a Cold, and by so doing prevent the necessity for its use in more dangerous complaints.

The Race Problem in the United States.

BY PROF. C. A. GARDINER.

That relating to to Negro, read before the Bethel Literary, Wednesday evening, January 2nd:

Far different from that of the Indian is the condition of the Negro race in America. Imported as a slave, emancipated, enfranchised, with all his disadvantages of social inferiority, poverty and ignorance, he has been brought face to face with the great problems of national rule. What has been the result? Has his twenty years of legal equality met the experience of friends? Is his future secured? A majority of the American people answer in the affirmative; and give the question no further thought. By emancipation and enfranchisement they believe that all their obligations have been discharged. The ballot is the black man's sword of defence; and on the broad plane of legal equality the races are adjusting their differences and uniting in one compact homogeneous, American people. But such is not the truth, as many in this audience will heartily bear me witness; and although it may be an unpleasant task to oppose this self-complacent, self-contented feeling, yet with the facts I possess I hope to prove that notwithstanding the Rebellion, Emigration, and the 14th Amendment, little progress has yet been made toward the final adjustment of the relations of whites and blacks in this republic. I ask your consideration of these propositions:

1. The future home of the Negro race will be in the Southern States.

2. Negroes are increasing in numbers more rapidly than the whites.

3. Amalgamation if possible, is not desirable.

4. A final solution can result only from homogeneity of race; or the removal of one of the races from the Southern States.

Fifteen years ago, it was asserted without contradiction that the Negro problem would meet with an easy solution through the gradual and general dispersion of the Negroes through the United States and their absorption into the mass of the American people.

In 1850 there were outside of the slave States 434,000 Negroes; in 1860, 488,000; in 1870, 500,000 and in 1880, 650,000. Making an allowance for the natural increase of the Negroes, we find that for 30 years there has practically been no migration of the Negro race from its Southern home. During this period also, the Negro has suffered social and political indignities which we may reasonably hope he will never again suffer to the same extent. If under social ostracism, poverty and political oppression, he has voluntarily remained in the South we may assume that he will remain there permanently.

Within a few years we have witnessed a so-called "Exodus." It was a sporadic movement. No deduction can be based upon it; and with the exception of adding 45,000 Negroes to the population of Arkansas and 20,000 to that of Kansas, the "Exodus" of 1879 has left not a single trace of its existence.

Unless some cause prevents, which cannot now be conjectured, the great body of the Negro race will remain within its present geographical boundaries. What are these boundaries? If a straight line be drawn from the Southern boundary of Delaware to the North-Eastern corner of Texas, 6,000,000 Negroes would be South of that line and 550,000 North of it.

But taking the seven Atlantic and Gulf States, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana—we have a connected, compact territory containing nearly 4,000,000 Negroes or two-thirds of all in the United States. This territory of compact geographical position, of uniform climate and resources, may be regarded as the permanent, future home of the Negro race. The importance of this deduction is evident. The questions involved in the relations of the two races, while they affect intimately the entire American people, vitally affect the people of the seven named States, and must be solved for good or ill on that geographical basis.

The year 1880 marks the close of the first full decade of freedom for the Negro. The census returns were awaited by thoughtful minds with great anxiety as they would show whether under the new conditions the Negro race was an increasing or decreasing one, and whether or not it was increasing more rapidly than the white race. An analysis of the census gives these data:

The white population of 1870 was, in round numbers, 33,000,000 and of 1880, 43,000,000 or an increase of 29 per cent. The Negro population of 1870 was 4,880,000; of 1880, 6,580,000, or an increase of 35 per cent. Deducting 9 per cent. for immigration, which is a low estimate for the past decade—the remaining 20 per cent. will represent a ten years' gain of the native white population. The white population increasing 20 per cent in ten years or 2 per cent. anually will double once every 35 years; the Negro increasing 35 per cent. in ten years or 3½ per cent. annually, will double once in every 20 years.

The following from a recent editorial in the New York *Tribune*, is suggestive:

"Some of the more wide-awake Southern newspapers are calling attention to the poor gains their respective States make from foreign immigration. It may be worth while to show just what the whole South is getting out of the whole immigration. The total during the year has been between 390,000 and 400,000. Assigned according to their avowed destinations,—a distribution which is probably reasonably accurate.—the following went to the Southern States:

Arkansas	446	South Carolina	78
Florida	135	Tennessee	385
Georgia	188	Texas	2,689
Kentucky	1,174	Virginia	202
Louisiana	285	West Virginia	561
Maryland	1,487		
Mississippi	50	Total	7,707.
North Carolina	27		

The entire South received barely the same number of immigrants as the little State of Connecticut. One-third of the entire Southern immigration went to Texas, where the German element is so strong. Taking out Kentucky and Maryland, two border States, and Texas, the total immigration received by ten Southern States, according to these figures, is less than 2,500—an average of 250 immigrants to each. *The Atlanta Constitution says that if Georgia had received immigration* in proportion to her population, she would have had 13,000, instead of the ludicrous number of 188."

The immigration of foreign or northern whites may somewhat affect the future relatisn of the races, yet it seems a reasonable conjecture that within sixty years Negroes will greatly predominate in all the South, and one hundred years from to-day they will be double the number of whites in every Southern State.

In the seven Atlantic and Gulf States the Negroes, even to-day—within 100,000, equal the whites in number. Within 20 years, or by the end of this century, they will surpass them in the proposition of 7 to 5; in 1920, in the proportion of *two* to one and one hundred years from to-day there will be no less than four blacks to every white in the seven States.

Amalgamation is regarded by many as a possible solution of the Negro problem. We shall examine its desirabiilty and probability. Wendell Phillips has left the following record: "Remember this the youngest of you, that on the fourth day of July, 1868, you heard a man say that in the light of all history, in virtue of every page he ever read, he was an amalgamationist to the utmost extent."

Canon George Rawlinson in a Princeton Review discussing American race difficulties, says: "To us onlookers at a distance, entirely disinterested spectators, it seems that amalgamation is the true remedy and ultimate absorption of the black race into the white, the end to be desired and aimed at." The examples cited by Canon Rawlinson are entirely inapplicable with one single exception and are simply cases of amalgamation or mixture of "different family stocks of the white race."

It seems strange that so careful a scholar should mistake family mixtures for distinct and separate race amalgamation. Yet after basing encouragement for race fusion on his cited family mixtures, he plainly tells us that the only real example of race amalgamation which he can find in ancient history is that of the ancient Egyptians. But this is virtually begging his question; for he well knows that he can furnish no positive proof of his statement. Besides I find that the ratio of capacity of the ancient Egyptian skull as compared with that of the average European is as 1464 to 1500. Thus, at the very best, if the Egyptian were an amalgam of whites and blacks, the amalgam was a positive deterioration from the white parent stock.

For reasons which are very evident, Rawlinson has omitted to refer to examples of race amalgamation in modern times.

A careful examination of all authorithorities which have been available to me, furnishes these reliable examples:

1. The Griquas, of South Africa, are a hybrid of the Dutch colonists and the Hottentots, and are inferior to the Negro stock.

2. The Kuruglis, of northern Africa, are amixed race of Turkish-Moorish descent exhibiting the worst traits of each.

3. The Zambos, of western South America, mongrels of mixed European, Negro and indigenous American races are most prominent among the criminal classes of South American.

4. In the East Indies the Portuguese-Malay half-cactee are sunk in a deplorable condition of misery, sloth and moral degradation.

5. The English-Maori half-breeds, of New Zealand, are strong in body but mentally inferior to the English stock.

6. The Dutch-Malay half-breeds, of Java, known as Liplaps, are weakly in body and mind and are said to die out in three generations.

7. In Russian Asia, slaves and Mongelians have united to the detrement of the slaves.

8. In Chiloe and other Islands, off the Western coast of South America, are found the population consistiug of Indians and Spaniards blended in various degrees of degradation.

9. The immense mongrel population of negroes and Portuguese in Brazil, is cited by ethdologists as a solemn warning to American amalgamists.

10. The Mestizos, of Mexico, are a hybrid race acknowledged, by the highest authority, to be degraded in body mind and morals.

But amalgamation has not been without its trial in this country. Negroes and whites have united, and their hybrid offspring numbers to-day probably 500,000. Dr. Sandford B. Hunt, surgeon of U. S. Volunteers in the late civil war, has examined the brains of 405 whites and Negroes, with results which are most important.

When *white* blood *predominates* in a mixed breed there is an increase of cerebral development; while the presence of one-fourth, one-eighth, or one-sixteenth of white blood produces a brain decidedly inferior to that of the pure Negro.

Topinard says of these figures that they "would lead us to believe that the mixed breeds assimilate the bad more readily than the good;" and Von Tschudi, speaking of mixed races, says: "As a general rule it may be fairly said that they unite in themselves all the faults without any of the virtues of their progenitors; as men they are generally infererior to the pure races; and as members of society they are the worst class of citizens."

Dr. Edward Morris says, "all recorded evidence declares half-castes to be more liable to disease and of shorter life than either parent." Col. Smith in his "History ofthe Human Species," doubts "exceedingly if a half-caste family does or could exist in any part of the tropics continued to a fourth generation from one stock." Dr. Knox in his essay on "Hybridity," affirms that mulattoes are the shortest lived of any class of the human race," and in his "Races of Men," he says, "with the cessation of the supply of European blood, mixed races of all shades must cease."

Deteriorations in brain capacity and physical power are grave evils. Even Rawlinson makes this admission: "The absorption" he says, "of the Negroes by the whites could not but in some respects, and for a time, tend toward a deterioration of the stock." How long does he expect this to continue? Wilson in his "Prehistoric Men" states that "when the grade of quarteroon is reached, the Negro type has disappeared', —and Rawlinson adds that if the present black population intermarry freely with the whites the grade of quarteroon would be reached generally within a century."

To amalgamate the 6,000,000 blacks, their general distribution and immediate union with the whites throughout the United States is assumed, and yet to effect their absorption will require no less than one hundred years.

Amalgamation, if it is to affect the entire nation, is emphatically not desirable.

Its possibility is a different consideration. In discussing this question, Rawlinson and other amalgamationists have made a common initial blunder. They have assumed that the 6,000,000 Negroes were to be absorbed by the 43,000,000 whites. This can never be. The blacks will remain permanently in the states designated. The 500,000 in northern states, we may assume, will never be amalgamated. Amalgamation is the resultant of social equality and intermarriage.

I have collected numerous facts from Bancroft and Hildreth's Histories, from the daily press, from recent review articles, which prove beyond dispute that the Negro has not in the past and does not to-day enjoy in the north the real social equality which is accorded to him in the south. There is no indication of a future change; but if at any time he objects to living in the north and west socially ostracised, as an alien and inferior, he has the option of migrating to his southern home.

In the southern states amalgamation assumes a different phase. In the seven states the are in round numbers 4,000,000 Negroes and 4,000,000 whites. The Negroes are very evenly distributed among the whites. There is only one large city in the seven states; only thirteen with a population over 100,000; only seven larger than Schenectady; only three larger thon Utica.

I offer this suggestion: Amalgamation is actually taking place to-day between the whites and blacks. Southern estimates prove it. This will continue. The Negro is making rapid progress. Charleston, Memphis and New Orleans papers no longer deny that he *is* advancing. He will continue to acquire property, will become educated, will gradually assert and maintain his political equality; will approach more and more to the social level of the whites in his own midst. Thirty years from to-day in numbers, in the aggregate of wealth and intelligence—the Negro outside of New Orleans, Charleston and other larger cities will be the superior—the Caucasian the inferior, race.

In the seven states, the races to-day are equal numerically, and even now amalgamation would result in the absorption of the *whites, not the blacks*, and the production would represent brain capacity in no way superior to the pure Negro. Fifty years from to-day when the Negro will surpass the whites as *three* to *one* and one hundred years from to-day when the proportion will be *four* to *one*, the mongrel race will then represent brain capacity decidedly inferior to the Negro of pure blood. Southern blacks will not move north. Northern whites will not move south, so that amalgamation in the United States means simply this: The absorption of southern *whites* by southern blacks and a mongrel product which will be inferior to either of the original elements.

The solutions offered for the Negro problem by writers of to-day are two, (1) amalgamation, (2) colonization.

Ultimate absorption of the blacks impossible as we have seen. This plan may be dismissed. The plan of exporting and colonizing the blacks—advocated by Jefferson, Madison, Henry Clay and the early abolitionists—has been revived and advocated as the only possible solution—in the last February number of the *Popular Science Monthly*. But it seems strange that any practical person should advocate such a scheme.

The Negro is a citizen. To deport him to Mexico, Central America or any where his own consent must be secured. As a citizen, he is proud of his citizenship and it is folly to expect that he will voluntarily expatriate himself. The plan is purely chimerical and may also be dismissed.

The following is from the New York *Tribune* of a late date:

The Macon *Telegraph*, August 31st, 1883, commends the scheme to send the Negro back to Africa. It thinks that at least some of the better class of colored people, have property and are educated, might be induced to go to Africa as an experiment. But it fails to tell what shall do the inducing, and what arguments shall be used to persuade educated, well-to-do people, even though they are colored, to go to a barbarous country in which they can have no living interest. The truth of the matter is, the wholesale transportation of the colored race to the land of their ancestors is absurd and visionary. It is interesting as a bit of pretty sentiment, but has no more practical value than the scheme to transport the Jews back to Palestine. Whether for good or ill, the Negro is here to stay.

You may regard it as presumption for me to suggest a possible solution, where writers on this subject have been so generally divided between amalgamation and colonization, and I do it only in the hope of your forbearing indulgence. In Edward A. Freeman's lately published "Impressions of America" occurs a very brief reference to our race difficulties. "The Negro difficulty," he says, "must last either till the way has been found out by which the Ethiopian may change his skin or till either the white man or black man departs out of the land." The eternal laws of nature, the eternal distinctions of color, forbid the assimilation of the Negro." Supported by this high authority I cannot be alone in what I say.

The removal of the Negro is impossible; any general amalgamation in the United States is impossible; amalgamation in the south is possible, probable and in actual process of fulfillment. Hence, either

(1) The whites must migrate from the south;

(2) Must amalgamate with the blacks or

(3) Must remain an inferior element and submit to Negro supremacy and rule.

The more wealthy whites will gradually migrate to the north or to such cities on the outer border as New Orleans, Charleston and Richmond.

The remaining whites who prefer Negro supremacy to emigration will gradually be absorbed by the blacks, and will in one hundred years the seven states will actually be surrendered to Negro supremacy. Whether the Federal Government will then welcome the negro to the national councils, and extending to him the protection of the courts and arms will maintain him as a part of the body politic, is a question for conjecture. All the national traditions are against it. National history teaches that unity of interest, which means unity of race is the only safeguard of the Republic. I suggest for your consideration that a hundred years from to-day the seven states will be organized into a separate government, distinct from the American Republic.

Laws may be passed to alleviate immediate evils. Laws against miscegenation—the uniform failures recorded in history—prove to be worse than useless.

The negro is now a citizen. In a general election one hundred illiterate voters in the cane-brakes of Louisiana, will counteract the voting power of the hundred most intelligent citizens of this District. The negroes cannot educate themselves; the southern states are overburdened with taxes. National aid to education in the south is both necessary and politic. The facts which I have presented on this difficult subject you can at least rely upon, and if my conclusions are at fault you will concede that the error arises from a too conservative regard of facts—rather than from theoretical and chimerical ideas of reform.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1884.

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New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
New York ..... M. F. Hamlin.

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LOCAL AGENTS.

East Washinton H. G. Camper.
West Washington, Miss A. S. V. Jones and J. L. Turner.

LOCAL.

—The Washington Harmonic Company will give a concert at 19th Street Baptist church February 4th, for the 19th Street Baptist and Union Bethel churches.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor (late of the firm of Banks & Richardson) still continues his trade at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—Mr. J. W. Cromwell, of The ADVOCATE, is booked for a lecture in Baltimore the last week of the present month. The subject of the lecture is "The Outlook."

—The Lime Kiln Club, consisting of gentlemen from various parts of the country, is in full blast. It has been a matter of much speculation as to whether this club will burn lime during the coming season. Should they conclude to do so they will make their guests whistle.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor will be pleased to see his friends at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—Dr. Roy, the secretary of the Home Missions, preached a very interesting sermon at the Plymouth Congregational church last Sunday. He said, among other things, that the Society has founded 99 Congregational churches since the war, among which is the Plymouth, and educated hundreds of young colored men and women for the purpose of doing missionary work at the south.

—It is rumored that Mr. George W Jackson, the correspondent of the Peru *Republican*, of Peru, Indiana, will take his chances with the married folks very soon in company with Miss Lizzie Brown. With snow four inches deep and the thermometer below zero, we apprehend that it takes a good deal of pluck to depart from single-blessedness. Well, old boy, we wish you a long life of at least three score years and ten.

—If you wish fashionable suits for winter wear, call on T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor, at 615 L St., N. W. tf.

—Mr. W. H. Smallwood gave a birthday party to his eldest daughter, last Mouday. The young Miss was surrounded by a host of her friends, dancing was indulged in and the time spent most pleasantly.

—"Immanuel" was greeted by a crowded house at Bethel Hall Sunday night. The performance as a whole did not surpass that of the previous occasion, the orchestra was a great impediment to the successful rendition of the cantata. Mr. Jos. Amos, the chorister, conducted the music. Mr. Jas. Dean delivered an appropriate opening address.

—On Christmas eve ex-Governor P. B. S. Pinchback was mads the recipient of "a fine half-length, life size, crayon portrait," the work of Mr. Denver, a young colored artist, of New Orleans, who was educated in Paris. The portrait is pronounced almost perfect, as an object of artistic skill, delicate finish and striking resemblances. The idea of presenting the portrait originated with Mr. Jas. D. Kennedy, U. S. Warehouse Superintendent.

—Galbraith Chapel Sunday School will have a Jug Breaking, Sunday January 13th, 1884, at 3:00 o'clock P. M. Prizes will be awarded to the scholars who collect the most money for the new church. Speeches will be made by the scholars and singing by the school. Addresses will be made by the following gentlemen: Frederick Douglass, Jr.; John C. Shea, Esq.; E. Molyneaux Hewlett, Esq.; J. W. Cromwell, editor PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE; John R. Francis, M. D.; John A. Moss, Esq.; James Dean, Esq. and Calvin D. Johnson. John A. Mulligan, pastor and superintendent; Miss Emma Grisby, assistant, superintendent; Henry Smith, Wm. Graham, J J. Johnston, Committee.

Hymeneal.

—On the twenty-seventh ultimo, S. J. Hollensworth, of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, to Miss Cassie M. Sandridge, of Little Rock, Arkansas. Mr. Hollensworth is rising as a lawyer. He was recently designated by the judge to assistin the prosecution of a white convict contractor who had beaten to death a white convict, and the contractor was convicted.

BETHEL LITERARY.

Jupiter Fluvius had the floor last Tuesday night and held it againsl all claimants. The subject was "That polar wave! Where did it come from, how long will it last?"

The president, R. J. Smith, had to contend with him all the way from his home, and only temporarily succeeded by reinforcing himself with a Herdic. Mr. W. R. Davis was present but simply as "a Looker on in Vienna." The original Afro-American will hold forth next week.

Among the Churches.

ZION WESLEY.

Last Sunday was quarterly meeting of Zion Wesley A. M. E. Zion church, on D street, between 2nd and 3rd, South Washington. In the morning Rev. J. S. Cowles, of John Wesley, preached from the text "As the man soweth so shall he reap."

He said that heroism, distinction in statesmanship, in literature, in professional life, cannot be accomplished without paying the price, without making the adequate preparation for it.

A man cannot be a physician without studying the structure of the human body. The lawyer cannot rise to eminence, at the bar, without first studying the law and diligently applying himself; so in the spiritual life, those who gratify their passions cannot look for eternal life. Like in material affairs the harvest of the future must be of the crop sown in this world. He closed by exhibiting his hearers, if they wanted to be strong in the spirit to follow the beaten paths, the rough ways marked out tby he prophets, regardless of impending dangers, the lightning's flash &c. If there is wisdom in man in laboring for comfortable surronndings much more is it for the life eternal.

At the close of the sermon the choir sang some choice selections while the special collection was raised, the clear musical voice of Miss A. L. Hamer and the alto of her sister, being plainly discernible.

At one o'clock the funeral services over the remains of the late George W. Jackson were conducted by the pastor, Rev. Daniels.

At the afternoon services bishop Singleton T. Jones, one of the most eloquent of colored divines, preached.

The annual report was read at the evening service. It shows that this society is in a splendid financial condition.

There are now enrolled four hundred and thirty-one members. The receipts from the classes were $412.09; at church association meetings, $54.00; from the general public, $1069.65; total $1536.74. The expenditures, besides being for such contigent purposes as for conference, fuel, organist, repairs, taxes, insurance &c., $20.59 were expended for burying dead; $20.83 towards helping the poor; $61.88 to the aid of traveling bishops and preachers and $11.02 in aid of other churches. They paid their sexton $212.23 and on the pastor's salary $673.03. The entire expenditure was $1508.30, and the balance on hand reported $28.44. *This church has no debt on its* property, and the only indebtedness less than the reported funds on hand, will be met before the end of the present conference year. The church property is valued at $13,000. There are several societies connected with the church, in aid of foreign missions and the conference.

West Washington Notes.

The ten days feast in the wilderness, that was held in the basement of Ebenezer A. M. E. church, was closed on Wednesday euening with financial success.

The fine china set that was voted for at the feast, was awarded to Miss Sarah Tilghman, who received one hundred and six votes, having ten more than any other candidate. The fine sword that was contested for by M. A. Gowins, on part of the Knight Templars and Capt. Wm. Cornell, on part of the Military Company, was not awarded to either, on account of not receiving the required number of votes, the Knights falling short ten votes.

At the teachers' meeting, of the Ebenezer Sabbath School, on Friday evening last, it was decided to give Sabbath School concerts on the third Sabbath of each month for the present season.

Miss Effie Williams and sister, of 27th street, gave a social entertainment on Monday evening, to a number of their friends; among those present were Misses Sarah Bryan, Upshaw, Tilghman, Douglass, and Messrs. O. Butler, Dorsey and others.

Mr. R. D. Ruffin has recently purchased two lots on west P. street, upon which he expects to erect two fine residences, with about eight rooms, with all the modern conviences, early in the building season.

On the 3rd inst., a number of gentlemen were invited to meet Mr. R. K. Morris at his residence, 1702, 17th, St., the occasion being a birthday "stag." The affair was in every respect highly enjoyable. The *menu* was of the most epicurean order and all the appointments well arranged. The guests remained until a late hour and departed assuring the host that the occasion would furnish a subject for many pious reflections. Among the guests were Messrs. J. H. Richardson and brother George, Daniel Murray, Wm. Washington, Geo. Scott, J. W. Ball and many others.

Annapolis Announcements.

The event of General Washington's resignation was observed Monday, the 24th ult.

There is a series of entertainments of a very interesting character going on at Mt. Moriah A. M. E. church, which will continue until the tenth of January. It is being conducted in good style by the Golden Rule circle, a noble band of ladies and gentlemen working to pay off a debt of $3,000 on the church.

There is another circle of ladies and gentlemen called the Golden Link, who have done great work for the church, presenting it a very handsome carpet costing about $65.00.

Rev. J. M. Cargill preached last Sunday evening on the advent of Christ. The occasion was quite interesting; Professor Crammer presided at the organ, and his singers furnished appropriate music. Mr. Cargill is very much esteemed by all of our citizens.

Rev. J. A. Holmes, of Asbury M. E. church, and his people, gave quite a successful prize entertainment Thursday, December 20, 1883, from which they realized over $100. Presentation addresses were made to the winners of prizes by Revs. Cargill and Holmes, Colonel Young and Mr. Joseph Pinkney.

It is understood that there will be a first-class wedding to take place soon. Mr. Pigott, an insurance agent, is visiting one of our charming young ladies, Miss M. B.

Rev. C. C. Cargill, of Howard University, brother of Rev. J. M. Cargill, spent a part of the holidays with his brother and preached a very fine sermon last Sunday morning.

The Sunday school of Mt. Moriah church marched in procession with banners to Asbury school and held a union meeting. The exercises consisted of singing.

Mr. Geo. W. Thornley, of the P. O. D., spent his Christmas in our city with his family. A. B. P. G.

Mr. James W. M. Boardly, of the U. S. Custom House, Baltimore, paid a flying visit and is looking fine.

Mr. Walter Sorrel, G. I. G. of the State of Maryland, also made a visit to the ancient city.

Mr. Geo. W. Wells, of Washington, D. C., received a new year's gift—a fine daughter, and returned happy.

There have been a great many deaths in the city recently. Among them we chronicle the death of Mrs. Ann M. E. Garver, mother of Allen Brown P. Garver, of this city. She died last Sunday at 8 p. m., at the residence of her son. She was the wife of the late Jacob Garver, one of the eleven Carlisle, Pa., Underground Railroad of 1845. Mrs. Garver was born in this state, and was, at her death, 88 years of age. She leaves a son and daughter. G.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan 7th, '84.

MR. EDITOR:—The name of Asbury Choir has been used *without authority*, to sing at a competitive entertainment, to be given at the Cadets' Hall, O street, n. w., on the 17th of Jan., 1884.

THOS. P. BELL,
Leader.

MORE MUSICIANS.

BY ARGUS.

There may be nothing very startling in the announcemen that another musical organization has been formed among the colored people. The fact is that the colored people are as a general thing very musical and that it seems an easy matter to form a Glee Club. But the club of which I desire to speak is one composed of intelligent and for the most part educated and cultured gentlemen who have concluded to make a grand showing on a musical scale. The Orpheus Club undoubtedly has just the material out of which to make a grand success. Some of the finest voices we have may be found there. There are Messrs. Tompkins, Cole, Layton Fleetwood, Hall, Brodie, Nalle, Beale, R. A. Henderson, forming a splendid array of talent together with a dozen others whose names I do not now remember. The gentlemen named read music with ease and are able to render the choicest selections in an interesting and appropriate style. I learn however that there are many in the club who know little or nothing about music and who sing almost entirely by "ear."

Now, I do not presume too much when I say that a company of gentlemen representing so much intelligence can hardly afford to be styled "ear" musicians. If they wish to be looked upon as a Club which will command the respect and patronage of the public, they mus make themselves musicians in fact. They should assiduously pursue such a line of study and cultivation as will exhibit a more elevated style of music than we have heretofore found in Glee Clubs. We desire to hear something which will do credit to intelligent colored people. We want the Orpheus Club to read music as well as sing it. We would have them adepts at their business in order when we speak of them we can say that they are accomplished musicians whom we are willing to put against any white club pretending to know anyabout music.

This club, I learn, proposes to give a grand concert early in February at which time they promise great things for the music-loving public. Miss Addie G. Smith, of Boston, a most accomplished prima donna, is to assist. If they do not come up to what is reasonably expected of them, if they manifest a lack of musical knowledge, if they bore the audience by such unhallowed sounds as we have heard from others on like occasions, they may expect to find Argus in their tracks to make it very lively for a season. If on the contrary, they come up to what they should and acquit themselves (as surely they will) like intelligent men, the Washington public will have occasion to congratulate itself upon the possession of aclub in every way commendable, a thing for which it has been yearning for many years.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY LE DUKE

If there is anything in t his world worth living for, it is to pursue a course which marks at every step some worthy thing achieved. To live on from d ay to day without improvement is to ignore the objects for which we were created. The past year has furnished many opportunities by which we might have elevated ourselves in the scale of civilization—ennobled our lives and furnished lights for the guidance of those who may come after us. These opportunities may never come again but, should they come, the experience of the past should be sufficient to impel us to embrace them and make the success of this year double those of the past. In the first place, we should do all we can to stimulate co-operation. It is through this medium that we may hope to be powerful either as a political or social factor. The means to which the whites resort for material wealth are cut off from us, for we are kept out of them, both by the disposition on the part of the whites to preclude from us the advantages of business enterprises and the lack of opportunity to make sufficient money *individually*, on our own part. Now if we could combine with and encourage each other, we could stimulate a feeling of interest among ourselves and add materially to the meagre means we now have for accumulating wealth. Besides this, we should do all we can to help those who are doing business for themselves. We should not permit our business men to fail on account of our failure to patronize them. We should strive to lift them in a position where they can compete with the whites. Our professional men should also be given that consideration which they deserve.

Our prejudices should be made to give way to nobler and higher instincts and to pale before our imperative duty to help each other in every way possible. It is in the education of the masses up to a proper notion of the duty of onr people which will help us most. Then we who have children should not permit them to grow up in ignorance while there are schools within easy reach well equipped and disciplined, designed for their education.

We should look forward to the time when our children must take the places of men, and never forget that they must occupy higher planes than those we occupy, if they would be respected and honored by the people. Let our teachers endeavor to persuade parents who have been unmindful of the duty of sending their children for instruction, to think of the awful responsibility which rests upon them and the severe tests to which the children will be placed in the future.

The high notions of our more cultured people, of their superiority over the less cultured, cannot be sustained by foolish indulgences in gay show and social chow-chow. If they would show themselves equal to the positfon they have assumed, they should manifest a decided interest in the colored people, whose elevation will have a correspondingly elevating influence upon themselves. Our lovely and cultured ladies might do a great service by forming clubs whose object will be to go among the poor, to assist in elevating the character of home-life among them.

This would be far more commendable than wasting time and money in extravagance and giddy show. Let us begin to work. The field is large and there is something for every one to do. Let us make a start from the beginning and when we "take stock" next January, we will find more to our credit than we even hoped for.

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Woman's Work.

A SKETCH CONTAINING VERY MANY TRUTHS, BUT NOT APPLICABLE TO THE MAJORITY OF WOMEN AFTER ALL.

The quiet fidelity with which a woman will dish-wash her life away for her husband and children is a marvel of endurance. Here is the servitude of woman heaviest—no sooner is her work done than it requires to be done again. Men take jobs, work on them, finish them, and they are over for good and all. The prospect of ending them and drawing pay for the labor is alluring, but no such allurements are held out for the wife. She washes Monday after Monday the same garments until there is nothing more of them to wash; then they are replaced by others of new material just like them, and the rubbing and wringing goes on for ever. She mends the stockings with tireless fidelity, the same holes meeting her gaze week after week, for if there is a darned place in a sock "he" invariably puts his irrepressible toe through it. Every morning the rooms are put in order, only to be in the wildest disorder by the time night falls. There are no jobs, each one different, no terms, no pay day. The same socks, the same washing, the same room every time.

It is well to talk about making home life beautiful, but to most women home life is very monotonous, although they don't see it half the time, because they have grown used to the dull routine which was followed by their mothers before them. They do double, triple the work they should with both brain and body, and become old women when they are in the prime of life. The nerves are strained and shattered to a degree unbearable to themselves and anyting but agreeable to others. They are anxious, scheming, planning, economizing, until the brain and body both wear out under the strain, and a second woman undertakes the work which laid her predecessor low. This is not right. Women, and New England farmers' wives especially, do too much. They spend their lives in trying to manage the details of domestic life so that there will be no perpetual and extravagant drain on the husband's resources. They put too little brightness into their lives; see too much of the shade and too little of the sun. When they gather together they talk of their hard work and economy, not of their pleasures and blessings. They have so few pleasures. They do not think they are in duty bound for the good of both soul and body to take recreation. "They have not time." No, they must drudge from morn to night in order to save.

The husband grows so accustomed to seeing his wife always at work that it does not occur to him as being "hard lines" for her thus to slave away her life, though it does not seem slavery to him. He would be surprised indeed to see her dressed up in her best, for the purpose of attending a concert in the town. He could hardly believe he was in possession of his sober senses if she asked for the use of the carriage for a day's picnicking in the woods. And she would probably not enjoy these things herself. She would feel out of place at a concert, and find out how rusty was her memory and education; and if she went to the woods she would think it a waste of time to gather ferns and mosses. She would think it better to be at home darning or washing. That is because she did not begin right. She began her married life with a tremendous amount of zeal and energy, and a determination to show her husband that he had oblained a help and not a hindrance. She refused his offer to provide a stout woman to assist in the kitchen labors, for she meant to do the work all alone in order to save money and show her husband how smart she could be. She begun with thinking it a saving to wear her clothes as long as there was anything of them left, no matter how old-fashioned and worn they became, or how dowdy she appeared. She thought it a saving to avoid church because of the necessity for decent clothes, and she avoids concerts and lectures in order to save. But she gets little credit for her self-denial. Her husband learns to take it as a matter of course, and it never occurs to him to praise his wife for her economy. Probably she does not think she needs praise, does not think herself a heroine if under the incessant wear and tear to which she is subject she is meek and gentle, patient and loving. But perhaps when she lies on her deathbed the question will occur to her: "What have I gained by all my self-denial, my petty economies, my rigid adherence to kitchen duties?" And the answer will be: "An early grave."

There is too little brightness in the lives of women in the country. They have too little help in their domestic occupations. The "nurse" in a house where there is a baby to care for ought to be set down as one of the regular expenses as much as the potatoes for the family. A mother's health both of body and mind is worth more than additional acres of land, or finer live-stock. The heart should not be allowed to grow old. Life should not have lost its charm, the heart its spirit, and the body its elasticity at forty years. And yet how many women are faded and wan, and shattered in mind and health, long before they are forty. All the joy of life is not in youth's morning. If we so will it, we can to the last moment of life be at least negatively happy.

Tenacity of Vegetable Life.

The duration and tenacity of vegetable life, as seen in the length of time during which the seeds of certain plants will retain their vitality, are truly wonderful. We may cite the following as examples:

Lord Lindsay states that in the course of his wanderings amid the pyramids of Egypt he stumbled on a mummy, proved by its hieroglyphics to be at least 2,000 years old. In examining the mummy after it was unwrapped, he found in one of its closed hands a tuberous or bulbous root. He was interested in the question how long vegetable life could last, and he therefore took that tuberous root from the mummy's hand, planted it in a sunny soil, allowed the rains and dews of heaven to descend upon it, and in the course of a few weeks, to his astonishment and joy, the root burst forth and bloomed into a beauteous dahlia.

The roots of many plants retain their vitality under intense temperatures. Those of the *vitex agnus castrus* will not be affected though immersed in boiling water, and boiling water may be applied to many others without their sustaining injury. Certain plants, also, may by their roots absorb some poisons which would be destructive to others.

The seeds on which birds have fed will retain their powers of germination during a long period. Birds that feed on the seed of the castor oil plant have been known to bear them in their bodies from one country to another, where they have grown and multiplied.

Never too Late to Learn.

Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments.

Cato, at eighty years of age, learned the Greek language.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, began the study of Latin.

Boccacio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in light literature; yet he became one of the greatest masters of the Tuscan dialect. Dante and Plutarch being the other two.

Sir Henry Spellman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer.

Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death.

Ludovico Monaldesco, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own times.

Ogiby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year.

Dryden, in his sixth-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Iliad, that most pleasing production.

We could go on and cite thousands of examples of men who commenced a new study, either for a livelihood or amusements, at an advanced age. But every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men, will recollect individual cases enough to convince them that none but the sick and indolent will ever say: "I am to old to learn."

The Destruction of Pompeii.

In a recent lecture a clergyman said that in 1743 the spade of a Spanish engineer first struck upon the buried ruins of the city. The city was buried at a depth from of twenty-three to twenty-six feet of ashes and volcanic mud. The lower half of the deposit consisted of dry ashes and small stones or scoriae. Then comes about ten feet of volcanic mud. This was caused by the heavy vapor of the atmosphere which converted the showers of ashes as they fell into a plastic mass. Above this mud are the scoriae and ashes of later eruptions, and the soil which has accumulated upon the surface.

Nothing, or very little, was burned in Pompeii. The heat was not sufficient to change the colors of the frescoes on the walls, and the wood-work was carbonized by its long entombment in such a soil.

The lecturer defended the city against the charge commonly made that it was an immoral and vicious city. It was a city of art and culture, and was inhabited by men of wealth and rare taste. If our modern cities were to be blotted out as Pompeii was blotted out, the future discoverer would find beneath their ruins evidences of vice and licentiousness to which Pompeii can give but little comparison.

A Poet Laureate Snubbed.

When Thomas Buchanan Read was in London, during the first year of the civil war, he was invited one evening to meet Mr. Tennyson. As soon as they were introduced, the Englishman began to speak of the war, saying: "I had much sympathy for your country, Mr. Read, but I have withdrawn my sympathy now. I feel bound to tell you that your country is going to perdition, and I don't mind it either. England, Mr. Read, is not with the North in this barbarous struggle." Read, nettled by such rudeness, determined to be rude in turn, and responded thus: "You need not disturb yourself, Mr. Tennyson, about my country. It can get on perfectly well without English aid or sympathy. We intend to do our own fighting. You're giving yourself unnecessary uneasiness. To be plain, Mr. Tennyson, we Americans of the North don't care a d—— about you Englishmen, and the sooner you learn it the more trouble will be saved." "My rudeness," remarked Read, "seemed to please Tennyson. He was very kind and polite after my explosion, treating me the remainder of the eveving with distinguished consideration."

Figured Down to a Point.

The advertisement of Barnum's tattooed Greek Sailor says:

"He has on his body 7,000,000 punctures, and it was all done by a female savage. The poor man lost a drop of blood and shed a tear for every puncture, and was the only one of twenty-four who survived the operation. The woman who did the tattooing worked six hours a day for ninety days before the task was completed."

A mathematician of the *Albany Express* figures as follows: "The woman must have given him 3½ punctures a second. Then, if he lost one drop of blood with every puncture, he lost, estimating the usual number of drops to the pint, and taking a pint for a pound, 5,833 pounds. Or to put it differently, just 389 gallons of blood, or a trifle over twenty barrels during ninety days. Tears don't weigh as much as blood, so bunching the two together, the gentleman from Albania must have lost 5½ tons of those fluids within three months." Barnum's agent retorts that, if the Greek had not been a wonderful man, he would not have been exhibited.

Saving Clover Seed.

The very high price which farmers frequently have to pay for cloverseed should induce them to save at least a sufficiency for their own supplies, and undoubtably, if well followed up, make it a very profitable business as a money crop. A farmer, who is vouched for as one of the best clover seed savers, gives the following hints as to the saving of the seed: "The second crop is for the seed, and is really fit for no other purpose, as it salivates the stock fed on it. The best time to cut for seed is a very nice point to determine. It should be cut when a majority of the heads turn brown, and before any begin to shell off the little seed pods, each of which contains a seed. Cut the second crop of clover just as though it were for hay, rake it into winrows and let it lie and take one or two showers; then put it into very small cocks while damp, about one good pitchforkful in a place, and when it is dry put it into stacks and cap with something that will turn water, or what is still better, if you have a shed or barn, put it there and let it remain until you get a huller to take it out for you. Let our farmers save all the clover seed they can, and thus help to make thousands of dollars for the State, now sent out each year for clover seed to sow.

System on the Farm.

System on the farm is essential to permanent success. Whatever branch of farming is selected should be stuck to, if only moderately successful. A man is constantly learning in a business to which he gives habitual attention, and this knowledge is a part of his capital, just as much as the money invested in stock, tools, or buildings. The man who makes wheat a leading crop, by studying to lessen the cost of production, by experience in the best methods of preparing the soil, the use of manure and the cultivation of the crop, can raise wheat cheaper than his neighbors, and, though selling it at the same price, will realize a profit where they barely escape loss. On the other hand, the man who is every ready to abandon his usual practice, in order to follow something that pays exceptionally well at the moment—such as sheep husbandry or hop culture, when mutton, wool or hops are fetching high prices—is pretty sure to lose money in the long run, either though ignorance of the best methods in his unaccustomed occupation or an unforseen fall in the prices of the products. Such ventures are of a speculative nature and the steady-going farmer cannot safely afford to be a speculator.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Love in June.

On a quiet eve in leafy June, when bees and birds were all in tune, two lovers walked beneath the moon. The night was fair, so was the maid; they walked and talked beneath the shade, with none to harm or make afraid. Her name was Sue, and his was Jim; and he was fat and she was slim. He took to her and she to him. Says Jim to Sue "By all the snakes that squirm among the bush and brakes, I love you better'n buckwheat cakes." Says Sue to Jim, since you've begun it, and been and come and gone and done it, I like you next to a new bonnet." Says Jim to Sue, "My heart you've busted, but I always the gals mistrusted." Says Sue to Jim, "I will be true; if you love me as I love you, no knife can cut our love in two." Says Jim to Sue, "Through thick and thin, for your true love count me in; I'll court no other girl ag'in." Jim leaned to Sue, Sue leaned to Jim, his nose just touched her jockey brim; their lips met—went ahem! ahem! And then—and then—and then—then! O, gals, beware of men in June, and underneath the silvery moon, when frogs and crickets are in tune, lest you get your names in the paper soon.

What the Farmer Should Study.

The farmer should study the laws of concentration. He should learn how to concentrate his crops on the best paying articles. Does he consider that butter, beef, pork and mutton represent only a certain amount of hay, grass or grain that his farm produces? That instead of selling the raw commodities, he can, by putting them into these articles, get much better returns for his product? His study should be how to transform the raw products of his farm into something that is concentrated and that will bring him the most money. What he raises has got to go to some market. By concentrating it little freight will have to be paid and thus much will be saved. A farm is not only a farm; it is, or should be, a factory for changing the products into articles of general consumption, that have a commercial value the world over—that are of the best quality, that will keep well and sell well, and bring prices that will pay well for the skill, labor and capital employed in producing them.

The Great River of Alaska.

Alaskan explorers report one of the largest rivers in the world, the Yukon, as navigable for steamers two thousand five hundred miles, and five hundred from its mouth it receives a very large navigable tributary. The basin formed by the confluence is twenty-four miles wide. The Yukon is nearly as large as the Mississippi. Indians are everywhere, and war between tribes is continuous. There is snow for six months, and, without roads, dog-sledges find good traveling. Game abounds, and Indians have an easy life. From seven to nine dogs make a team, the old one being the leader. The driver has to watch this dog. If it gets on the scent of game it is off and the whole team is demoralized. Off they scamper through woods and thickets, upsetting the load, smashing the sled, tearing harness, and giving the driver days of hunting to restore the *status quo*. So vast a country, traversed by navigable waters, will soon tempt the restless and speculative advenurers to explore it.

Mr. Proctor, the astronomer, expresses the opinion that Mars is the only planet beside the earth old enough to be inhabited. The others, he thinks, are still glowing with heat. He also uttered the following opinion: "The stars are rapidly ceasing to be regarded as objects of beauty simply, and the time is approaching when intelligent people will be ashamed to gaze in indifferent admiration upon the firmament and acknowledge their ignorance in a field which the vast strides of modern science have made accessible to all. Draper's discovery of oxygen in the sun is the most important fact in astronomical research, because it shows that the sun is in part composed of elements like the earth's. Saturn's rings will eventually resolve themselves into moons, and the dark places on the moon are not mountains or seas, but simply indentations, and therefore less luminous. The black spots visible upon the surface of the sun are but the holes through the surrounding envelope, through which only the parent mass can be seen."

A MECHANICAL WATCH DOG.—That the greatest ingenuity should be displayed in the invention of machinery to economize manual labor is at once natural and creditable, but we do not anticipate that the builder of the future would be called upon to fit a mechanical watch dog to the street door so as to guard the house he may be required to construct. Most persons are aware that by introducing a flame of gas into an open tube, whether metal or glass, the tube will sound; in fact, we might easily produce singing flames. There are silent speaking tubes: that is to say, tubes that, under ordinary circumstances, do not utter a sound, but if a door be opened a draught is created, then the glass vibrates, and the most startling noises result. A glass of this description has been contrived in which, when a jet of gas burns, the sound of a dog barking is produced, should the street-door be opened. Thus may the house be guarded by a mechanical dog.

THE THREE LINKS.

BY DE WITT HURRELL.

Ye may oft-times have noticed and wondered
At the emblems which Odd Fellows wear,
And to know, hand often felt curious,
The meaning the Golden Links bear.
Then, list, while the secret I tell you—
'Tis simple, yet noble and grand—
For these links form the great Bond of Union
Of our Order, in Heart and Hand.

The first unto Friendship is sacred—
A friendship unselfish and true;
That bids us act toward a Brother the same
As a brother should act toward you:
To warn him, and save him in danger,
Aid him, and cheer him in sorrow;
Stand firm by his side thro' the dark to-day
Till dawns a brighter to-morrow.

The second unto Love is devoted—
A love that is noble and grand;
That opens our heart to a Brother,
And makes warm the grip of the hand;
That enjoins us to guard and to guide him,
And watch o'er his course night and day,
Striving ever our best to keep him
Walking upright in Wisdom's way.

The third is to Truth consecrated,
The most precious link in the chain,
For with that virtue weakened or missing,
Ah, Friendship and Love were in vain.
But as long as we're true to our Order,
And the lessons sublime it doth teach,
The three Links will grow brighter and longer
Till they embraced the world in their reach.

And wherever a Brother or Sister
May roam, this bright emblem they'll see
Three links on chain, vest, coat, or bosom,
Encircling the F., L. and T.—
And feel sure that in danger or trouble
They have but the aid to command,
And on the instant, all willing and ready
Will outleap the Heart in the Hand.

He was Tired the First Night.

A newly-married couple from Indiana registered at the St. Nicholas Hotel, in Paris, Ill., one evening this week, and landlord Chapman conducted them to the parlor. After supper the groom seated himself in the office, leaving his young bride in the hotel parlor. About 9 o'clock the young benedict from Indiana said to the clerk: "I belive I will go to bed," and the clerk thougnt that was a queer way for a man to do, especially on his bridal tour. But about 11 at night Mr. Chapman, the proprietor of the hotel, incidentally stepped into the parlor, and to his surprise he found the bride waiting for the new found husband. His whereabouts were pathetically related by the sympathizing landlord, who most gallantly escorted the lady to the door of the chamber occupied by the sleepy and tired spouse. When the patient bride asked for an explanation, her dear husband responded in the following innocent manner: "I was tired and thought I would go to bed." He meant it all right, but this being the first time, he was not familiar with the details of procedure at the beginning of so important a crisis as this.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

BOYS, HEED THIS.—Many people seem to forget that character grows, that it is not something to put on ready-made, with womanhood or manhood, but day by day, here a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until good or bad, it becomes a coat of mail. Look at a man of business, prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these qualities? Let us see the way in which a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy who is late at meals and late at school stands a poor chance of being a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying "I forgot," "I didn't think," will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of things will never be a noble, generous, kindly mannered gentleman.

Cheap Newspapers.

Patrons of local papers sometimes say, "I can get a cheaper paper in Cincinnati or New York." To all these the Brandon (Miss.) Republican has a good answer:

We have known men to pay $100 for a horse, when another horse was offered for $15. We have known men to pay a lawyer $500, when they could have employed other lawyers to attend to their case for $50. We have known men to send a long distance for a physician, when they could have procured the services of one at home for a mere song. In fact we have known men to pay one newspaper $500 for publishing an advertisement, and refuse to pay another paper $100, and yet these men were looked upon as men of sense.

SUPERSTITION OF THE HORSESHOE.—The superstition of the horseshoe is thus explained: It was a very ancient custom to "protect" dwellings, temples and shops by an image of the patron saint. The "glory" around the painted or carved head of the figure was represented by a bright metal halo, called a moniscus. This resembled a horseshoe, and often remained after the image had faded or become broken. Hence a peice of metal in this shape became associated in the common mind with supernatural presence and care, and was often nailed to the sides or over the portals of the door or gateway. A horseshoe worn to brightness became a very good substitute for the metal moniscus sold in the shops, and was often adopted as an invocation of saintly partection.

Curiosities of Life.

Lay your finger on your pulse and know that at every stroke some immortal passes to his maker; some fellow being crosses the river of death, and if we but think of it, we may well wonder that it should be so long before our turn comes.

Half of all who live die before seventeen years. Only one person in ten thousand lives to be a hundred years old, and but one in a hundred reaches sixty years. The married live longer than the single. There is one soldier to every eight persons, and out of every thousand born, ninety-five weddings take place.

Just before the public school in New Haven closed for the vacation, a lady teacher in one of the departments gave out the word "fob" for the class to spell. After it was spelled, as was her custom, she asked the meaning of it. No one knew. The teacher then told the class she had one, and was the only person in the room that did. After a little while a hand went hesitatingly up. Teacher—"Well, what is it?" "Please ma'am, it's a beau."—*Danbury News.*

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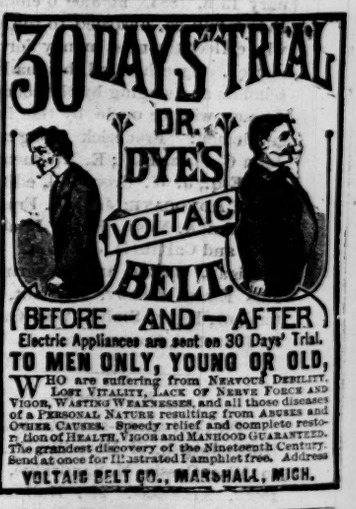

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